

SOCIETY

W.H. Celebrates Anniversary
Lutheran Auxiliary. — The
Lutheran Auxiliary will
celebrate its 10th anniversary
on the 11th. The day
will be spent at St. Paul's
Lutheran Hall. A church program
is rendered. The entire hall
will be open to invited
Men's Bible Class.

Men's Bible Class
Men's Bible Class of the Zion
Lutheran Church will meet Tues-
day evening at the home of Birch-
er on Chestnut street.
Epsworth League Meeting
The Epsworth League of the First
Methodist Church will hold
its regular monthly social and
meeting Tuesday evening at
home of Miss Mildred Hicks.
Washington Birthday Celebration
Mrs. David Etchells, Mrs. Elizabeth
and Mrs. Washington in Herd. Mrs.
Lish and Mrs. Anna McDaniel
and Mr. Shumaker, Mrs. J. J. Barn-
ard, Mrs. J. J. Barnard, Mrs. M. E.
and Mrs. Mattilda J. Lee and Miss
C. H. Chapman attended a Washington
Birthday party last evening at
the home of Mrs. William E.
Wright, Connellys.

W. F. Wright's First Baptism
and his Evening at the Home
of Mrs. Anna Stover on Thursday
of St. Paul's Church. — The
service was held at the home of
Miss Anna Stover on Thursday
evening. The service was
conducted by Rev. W. F. Wright
and his wife. The service
was held at the home of Mrs. Anna
Stover on Thursday evening at
the home of Mrs. Anna Stover.

Church Services

The First Baptist Church will be held
on Friday at 7 P.M. — Continued
Rev. W. F. Wright, pastor.
Services at 8 A.M. and 9 A.M.
Services at 11 A.M. — Continued
Rev. W. F. Wright, pastor.
Services at 1 P.M. — Continued
Rev. W. F. Wright, pastor.
Services at 3 P.M. — Continued
Rev. W. F. Wright, pastor.

Culture Club Meeting
Lectures on the time of the Monarchs
of England will be held Monday
evening at the home of Mrs. H. G.
Washington or soon will be rendered.

Charity Ball

Charity Ball will be held at the
Hotel St. Paul on Monday evening
at 8 P.M. — Continued

Children's Party
A children's party will be held
at the home of Mrs. Anna Stover
on Saturday evening at 8 P.M.

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Sister's Visit
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on Saturday evening at 8 P.M.

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THE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE
SMART STREET TOILETTE

The smart new look of the season
is a variety of shapes that are
displayed in stores. They are
not to be found in the Ward
robe, and may be had in a
variety of colors. They are
more elegant than ever. They
are edged with lace. On the
inside and outside of the hat.
They are now showing the largest
and handsomest line of new spring
wardrobes ever seen in this section.
Look on over Davis Cohen, Tailor
—Adv.

W. F. Wright and S. M. Metzler
the day of their arrival home this
morning from New York where they
bought spring and summer goods for
the Connellys and the Belmont
area of the Wright Metzler Com-
pany. — E. C. Moore, manager of the
men's and boy's clothing department
arrived home yesterday.

Mrs. N. H. Cohen went to Bath
yesterday to attend the annual ban-
quet of Bethany College.

Chicago Daily Co. — Always reliable
Butterine eggs, cheese, tea and coffee
uttering our specialty. Ite. 206, 22c
and 24c —Adv.

Miss Cecilia Big of Latrobe is the
sister of Miss Naomi E. Koenigsmann
of Snyder street.

Winfred and Sterling Hite of Ayr
son, William F. K. Hite, who has
been in the news recently, will be
here to be married to Mrs. Hite's
sister, Mrs. Hite's friends be-
ing returning to their home.

Horace E. McPartland, a student at
the University of Pittsburgh, who has
been visiting his sister, Mrs. Edward
May of the West Side, went to Union
town yesterday and the remainder
of the day was spent with his
brother, Michael McPartland.

On Saturday, in a few days, he will
be back home again. — Continued

Yours very truly,
W. F. Wright —Adv.

Now is the time to try the
new style of hats. — Continued
It is a great pleasure to see
you and you will be more than
start expense. On Saturday
six for five dollars. Can I be
brought to you? — Continued

Dr. C. G. Cowan of Uniontown was
a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller
yesterday evening. — Continued

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PERSONAL

Mrs. S. O.
Mrs. J. C.
Mrs. C. C.
Mrs. C. C.
Mrs. C. C.

Chicago Daily Co. — Always reliable
Butterine eggs, cheese, tea and coffee
uttering our specialty. Ite. 206, 22c
and 24c —Adv.

Mrs. Mary, son and Vernon had
lunch went to Pittsburgh, this morning
to see Ethel Lawrence at the Nixon Theatre.

Mrs. Jones is the mother of the former

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**The News of
Nearby
Towns.**

MOUNT PLEASANT.

MONTE PLEASANT, Feb. 21.—For the 40th consecutive year Company B, Fourth Regiment, meets quarterly on the 21st of each month in the officers' practice room. The indoor range is located in the center of the armory, and when the session is on now, it is the custom of the 1st and 2nd galleries to go to the range at a distance of 100, 125 and 150 yards, that is, the highest score that can be made is a possible 150. To get this, one must make 20 out of the possible 20. They get ten shots gratis for short setting, five shots knowing and ten shots standing. Prior to their going on the indoor range they first meet for instruction in personal use of working parts of use and use of rifles. Next they get sight, aiming, and position instruction given by a company officer or non-commissioned officer. The instructor is in charge of Armorer John Miller whose experience with ordnance work makes him very capable of this work. Company B is preparing for inspection, preliminary, which comes on March 3, and brigade inspection on March 10. The commander is in charge of First Lieutenant Frank H. Simpson.

And to bring in heavy season of cleaning in personal apparel, the Goodwin Company have decided to offer to housewives at 10 per cent reduction on all portiers curtains, tides and cushions sent in before March 10, thereby assuring them more careful work and quick service.—Adv.

MONTE PLEASANT, Feb. 21.—Yesterday was Patron's Day in the local public schools. During the day a great number of the parents and those interested in the schools called. The regular school work was gone through with along with a very good program by the Philo and Euclid literary societies. Excellent work was on exhibition in all the rooms. The 1913 work of the first grade teachers was particularly attractive.

Joseph H. Johnson in his 50th year, died at his Bunker Hill home yesterday morning. Funeral services will be held at 1:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon at the house and interment will be made in the Bunker Hill cemetery.

Miss Margaret Rabi, aged 87 years, died at her Hammonville home yesterday. Funeral services will be held at 2:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon from the Bridgeport church.

Mount Pleasant defeated Homestead basketball team by a score of 41 to 31 at the armory last evening. The jump.

MONTE PLEASANT (HOMESTEAD) Davis forward Brown

Friedlander forward Tidwell

Long center Johnston

Shanks guard Luther

Stenger guard Peacock

Philp guard Friedlander

Shuler guard Brown

Price guard Peacock

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GINK AND DINK—Solved! The Great Bomb Mystery Explained!



UNCLE SAM GETS NEW KIND OF CORN

Are Three Varieties of It, Yellow, Red and White.

GROWN BY THE CHEROKEES

Its Indian Name is "The Old Woman," and It is the Subject of a Pretty Legend. Government Experts Promise to Develop Strain of High Value.

Next spring the Old Woman will be added to the list of the government's agricultural experiments. The Old Woman is the Cherokee title for an old corn. In ordinary writing and conversation this corn is called by the real or original name. But for commercial purposes it is always known as the Old Woman. The Indian of this corn was more or less of an accident. It was located and turned over to the department of agriculture by James Mooney of the bureau of ethnology. It is being handled by the bureau of plant industry, and after it has been grown experiments will be made in crossing it with other varieties and finding out what valuable characteristics it has that can be embodied in a permanent strain.

The corn does not look very different from ordinary corn, but it is softer and sweeter, and the meal made from it is better tasting. The corn grows in three varieties—red, yellow and white. The kernels are wider and flatter than ordinary corn, and the cob is smaller compared to the size of the ear. This is considered always a valuable characteristic, because it raises the yield of shelled corn per ear.

The Cherokee, as you have learned, is the oldest strain of Indian corn known to exist. It is the Indian corn that was being used in the time before Columbus discovered America. About a dozen Indian tribes are known to be the Indian owners and cultivators of this corn, according to their legends. In this particular strain the old Indians, there was only one old woman of the Cherokee tribe who had a crop of corn. When she was old she went to a strange house in the woods, and came back with a basketful. She had her basket bad two sons, one of whom had not been found originally in the basket. He was only half human but he was fully human and he grew up like the other.

Legend of the Old Woman

One day the old woman went to the storehouse where the corn and the two boys watched her through a crack in the wall. These two boys, rubbing their hands and jumping down from her skirt and soon filled the basket. The river soon flooding and hidden the old woman in a whirlpool and we must kill her!

When she came out of the storehouse she found the two boys waiting and said to them, "I know you are going to kill me and I can do nothing about it, but listen. When I am dead drag my body around over that open place of ground."

They did as she had said, and when over the blood fell stalks of corn sprung up. The Cherokee have had corn since, and what has been turned over to the department is some of the same strain. The corn has since been crossed for ordinary uses, but the sacred ceremonial corn is just as it was.

The attention of Mr. Mooney was called to the corn by some of the Cherokee writers for the Cherokee have an alphabet and a written language of their own, though this is an other story. The name for corn is "sou," while the suffix "ra" in Cherokee means "the original" or "the real thing." Seeing this word in some of the records he asked if there was any of the original corn in existence. The Indians inquired of said he was still holding it.

Experiments Have Proved Valuable

Some was bought and when turned over to the department of agriculture it was declared to be an undescribed variety. The nearest approach to it was some Indian corn the department had found the Cherokee raising in New York state. The similarity of the two was commented on by the botanists as surprising. Mr. Mooney said that it would not have been surprising had the botanists been ethnologists because the Cherokee is very early man's friend near the Cherokee down.

In South Carolina the two tribes have not been in contact for about 200 years, but the strain of the sacred corn has been preserved intact.

The department of agriculture makes it a point to try out all of the Indian corns that can get hold of. Some of the desert strains from the south west have proved valuable for their drought resistance. This is particularly true of the Laguna corn from old Mexico. Other strains are insect or disease resistant, but these qualities can be determined and the types fixed only by careful experiment and investigation.

THINGS ALL OUGHT TO KNOW

As Christian Bible Students—The Satisfactory Proof of "Why God Allows Evil."

One of the questions which comes to nearly every thinking mind today is, "Why does God permit evil?" As we look about us in the world we observe that it is filled with sorrow and trouble, sickness and pain and every trial we could enumerate, and we cannot help wondering WHY GOD ALLOWS IT. We realize that He is almighty and that He could prevent it if He wished. We read in His Word that He is more willing to do for His children than are earthly parents for theirs and we know how much that means yet of sometimes it seems that those who try to do and live right have the most trouble. This question is made very clear in a book entitled, "The Divine Plan of the Ages". Every statement is backed by Scripture, and shows that while God does not sanction evil, HE HAS HAD A PURPOSE IN ALLOWING SIN AND PAIN TO REIGN THESE SIX THOUSAND SAND YEARS. This and many other subjects of deep interest to all of God's people are discussed fully and in language easy of comprehension.

In English, German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Italian, French, Greek, Hungarian, Spanish, Polish, Holland, Irish, Finnish, Swedish and Turkish. A new edition is in preparation.

50 copies, 10¢ bound, 35 cents post paid. Address Bible and Tract Society, 17 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clear Seeing Massenet

Critics have not yet resigned the late M. Massenet his permanent place in the simple future, but most of them agree that he was a charmer, although not a great composer. He had one quality of charm not however which is not the invariable ornament of genius—imagination. He could apparently gains in others. An anecdote taken from the Paris Figaro illustrates it.

A critic was indulging in extreme criticism of Massenet to his face and wound up his attack.

"Voyez, M. Massenet, je vous déchirez l'oreille," he said, "but I will be quite happy with what you have."

Birds.

The first birds were not much like those of the present time. The pterodactyl supposed to be the pioneer of bird life was a great feathered winged creature with great spurs on the wings of the wings and a mouth full of sharp teeth. The pterodactyl did not sing and could we have seen him we would not have felt like shooting ourselves. True birds did not appear until the pterodactyls were gone.

The pterodactyls were probably the ancestors of the modern birds. The first birds were probably the ancestors of the modern birds. The first birds were probably the ancestors of the modern birds.

GOOD CONFESSION VS. BAD CONFESSION

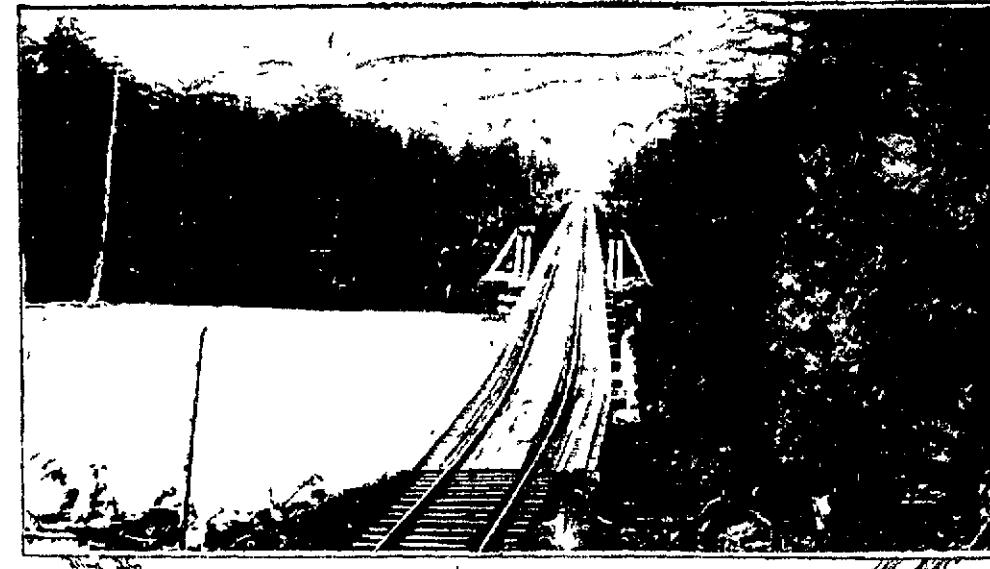
Luke 12:12—Feb. 22.

Whosoever shall confess his sins before me, before men, before the Son of Man who confesses before the angels of God.

LARGE crowd surrounded the Synagogue anxious to hear Him. Jesus addressed the disciples saying, Beware of the

host of the Pharaohs which is his people. Here as elsewhere in His teachings Jesus used various ways of an exhortation. We know for instance in which cases He spoke of anything as a curse. He denounced him in his

Our Government to Own and Operate \$35,000,000 Railroad System in Alaska.



1. CULTER DIVIDED RAILWAY ALASKA 2. TYPE OF ALASKA FARM

in that day. His Kingdom the

Kingdom of Heaven will be exposed

to the whole world.

He who has

known good

will be

rewards.

He who has

known evil

will be

punished.

He who has

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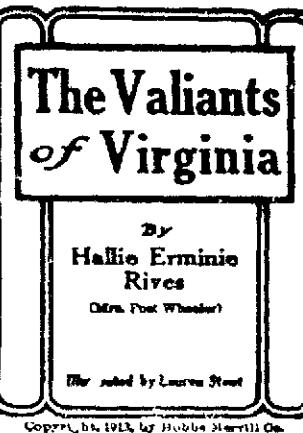
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will be

rewards.



without her? The wrinkled note lay on the desk and he bent suddenly with a sharp catching breath and kissed it. There welled over him a wave of rebellious longing. The candle spread to a hazy yellow blur. The walls fell away. He stood under the moonlight, with his arms about her, his lips on hers and his heart beating to the sound of the violins behind them.

He laughed—a harsh wild laugh that rang through the gloomy room. Then he threw himself on the couch and buried his face in his hands. He was still lying there when the misty rain-wet dawn came through the shutters.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Coming of Grief King.

It was Sunday afternoon, and under the hollyhocks, Rickey Snyder had gathered her minstrels—a dozen children from the nearby houses, with the usual sprinkling of little blacks from the kitchens. There were parents, of course, to whom this mingling of color and degree was a matter of conventional prohibition, but since the advent of Rickey, in whose soul lay a Napoleonic instinct of leadership, this was more honored in the breach than in the observance.

"My! Ain't it scrumptious hers now!" said Cosy Cabell, hanging yellow lady-slippers over her ears. "I wish we could play here always."

"Mr. Valiant will let us," said Rickey. "I asked him."

"Oh, he will," responded Cosy gloomily, "but he'll probably say and marry somebody wholl be mean about it." "Everybody doesn't get married," said one of the Byloes twins, with masculine assurance. "Maybe he won't."

"Much a boy knows about it!" retorted Cosy scornfully. "Women have

to, and some one of them will make him. (Greenville Female Seminary Simms, if you slap that little nigger again, I'll slap you!)"

Greenville rolled over on the grass and tittered. "Miss Mable Sue didn't," she said. "Ab boat but say de ruddab day at waz er mighty good fo'ld' for go ter bed. Mislin is git up Mars' tab!"

"Well," said Cosy, tossing her head till the flower earrings danced. "I'm going to get married if the man hasn't got anything but a character and a red mustache. Married women don't have to prove they could have got a husband if they had wanted to."

"Let's play something," proposed Rosebud Meredith, on whom the discussion palled. "Let's play King King Katiko."

"It's Sunday!"—this from her smaller and more righteous sister. "We're forbidden to play anything but Bible games on Sunday, and if Rosebud does, I'll tell."

"Jay-bird tattle-tale!" sang Rosebud derisively. "Don't care if you do!"

"Well," declared Rickey. "We'll play Sunday school then. It would take a saint to object to that. I'm surprised."

Without stopping to think of the darkness or that the friendly doors of the edifice would be closed, he caught up his hat and went swiftly down the drive to the road, along which he tramped breathlessly. The blue star-spangled sky was now streaked with clouds like faded orchids, and the shadows on the uneven ground under his hurried feet made him giddy. Through the din and burly burly of his thoughts he was conscious of dimly ringing shapes across fences, the snort-breath of cows, and a negro peddler who greeted him in passing. He was shaken suddenly with the thought that Shirley was suffering, as it seemed, incredibly that he could never be riding along a country road in the still to find something that he could hurt them both.

It was almost dark—dark for the eyes—but when he saw the shadow of an square in the ground sprouting sick from the boulders of foliage against the blotted background. He quickly opened the gate and went slowly up the worn path toward the great tree house and hopped door. Under his right hand the outlines of the gray stones loomed pallidly.

From the bell tower came the faint piping of a small owl. Valiant sat listening about him. What could he learn here? He read no answer to the silent. A little to one side of the path something showed knowledge on the ground and he went toward it. Carefully, he saw that it was a mass of vine, starting up white from the earth, from within an iron ring. He bent over, suddenly noting the silent. It was cape jessamine.

Tendent and this stump's my desk. All you children sit down under that tree." They ranged the myself. In two rows, the white children, in clean Sabrina pinatas and go-to-meeting knickerbockers, in front and the colored ones, in gingham and cotton prints, in the rear—the habitual expression of a differing social station.

"Oh!" shrieked Miss Cabell, "and I'll be Mrs. Merryweather Mason and teach the infants' class."

"There isn't any infant class," said Rickey. "How could there be when there aren't any infants? The lesson is over and I've just rung the bell for recess. Children, this is Missionary Sunday, and I'm glad to see so many happy faces here today. Cosy," she said reluctantly, "you can be the organist if you want to."

"I won't," said Cosy sullenly. "If I can't be table-cloth I won't be piano."

"All right, you needn't," retorted Rickey frusstly. "Sit up, Greenville. People don't lie on their backs in Sunday-school."

Greenville yawned drowsily, and righted herself with injured slowness. "Ah disfuses ter 'cap' yo' insult, Rickey Hayday," she said. "Ah'd ruthab lone nigh ligion dan mah ins'ness. En ab 'spises yo' spissable dissastion!"

"Grief King," Rickey's lips rather formed than spoke the name. "Right. An' I know you, too. Got Jes' th' same look as when ye wasn't no higher'n my knee. So ye ain't at th' 'Dome no mo', eh? Purkis an' the Hounds an' a' edication. Ho-ho! Got' ter make yo' another ladyes, like the sweet duck-ovey that recoced yo' from th' lovin' embruce o' yer fond step-parent, eh?"

Rickey's small arm went suddenly out and her fingers torn at his shirt-sabard. "Don't you," she burst in a paroxysm of passion; "don't you even speak her name? If you do, I'll kill you!"

So fierce was her leap that he fell back a step in sheer surprise. Then he laughed loudly. "Why, ye little spittin' will-o'-cat!" he grinned.

He bent over, suddenly noting the

clear voices in the quiet air started the fluttering birds and sent a squirrel to the tip-top of an oak, from which he looked down, flinging his brush. They roused a man, too, who had lain in sudden sleep under a bush at a little distance. Then he laughed loudly. "Why, ye little spittin' will-o'-cat!" he grinned.

It came to him at last that there was a chill mist groping among the trees and that he was very cold.

He went back along the Red Road snobbishly. Was this to be the end of the dream, which he had fancied would last forever? Could it be that she was not for him? Was it no beauty that the sons of the fathers were visited upon the third and fourth generation?

When he reentered the library the candle was guttering in the burned wings of a night moth. The place looked all at once gaunt and desolate and despoiled. What could Virginia, who could Damory Court, be to him

of some days' growth, had an ugly scar slanting back from cheek to hair. Without getting up, he rolled over to command a better view, and set his eyes, blinking from their slumber, on the children.

"We will now take up the collection," said Rickey. "You can do it. June. Use a flat piece of bark." Remember that what we give today is for the poor heathen in—Alabama."

The bark-slab made its rounds, revealing leaves, acorns, and an occasional pine. Midway, however, there arose a shrill shriek from the bearer and the collection was scattered broadcast. "Rosebud Meredith," said Rickey witheringly, "it would serve you right for putting that load in the plate if your hand would get all over warts! I'm sure I hope it will." She rescued the fallen piece of bark and announced. "The collection this afternoon has amounted to a hundred dollars and seven cents. And now, children, we will skip the catechism and I will tell you a story."

Her auditors bunches themselves nearer, a double row of attentive white and black faces, as Rickey with a preliminary bass cough, began in a drawling tone whose mimicry called forth giggles of ecstasy.

There were once two little sisters who went to Sunday-school and loved their teacher very much. They were always good and attentive—not like that little nigger over there! The one with his thumb in his mouth! One was Little Mary and the other was Little Busy. They had a mighty rich uncle who lived in Richmond, and once he came to see them and gave them each a dollar. And they were very glad. It wasn't a mean old paper dollar, all dirt and creases; nor a battered white silver dollar; but it was a bright round gold dollar, right out of the mint. Little Mary and Little Busy could hardly sleep that night for thinking of what they could buy with those gold dollars.

"Early next morning they went downtown, hand in hand, to the store, and Little Busy bought a bag of goober-peas, and sticks and sticks of striped candy, and a limbed jack, and a gold ring, and a wax doll with a silk dress on that could open and shut its eyes."

"Huh!" said the captious Cosy.

"You can't buy a wax doll for a dollar. My littlest, littlest one cost three, and she didn't have a stitch to her back!"

"Shut up!" said Rickey briefly.

"Dolls were cheaper than—" She looked at the row of little negroes, goggle-eyed at the vision of such largess.

"What do you think Little Mary did with her gold dollar? She loved dolls and candy, too, but she had heard

of the heading ugly chasm of Lovers' Leap. She cast one desperate look about her and shut her eyes. Catching her about the waist he leaned over and held her out in mid-air, as if she had been a kitten. "You ain't seen me, her yet? Promises, or over ye go. Ye won't look so pretty when ye're layin' down there on them rocks!"

The child's face was paper-white and she had begun to tremble like a leaf, but her eyes remained closed.

"One—two—" he counted deliberately.

Her eyes opened. She turned one shuddering glance below, then her resolution broke. She clutched his arm and broke into wild supplications.

"I promise, I promise!" she cried. "Oh, don't let go! I promise!"

He set her on the gold ground and released her, looking at her with a smirking laugh. "Now we'll see if ye belong here or up ter Hell's-Half-Acre." He said. "Fine folks keeps their promises, I've heard tell."

Rickey looked at him a moment, shaking; then she burst into a passion of sobs and with her face averted ran from him like a deer through the bushes.

He leaned suddenly, gripped her wrist and covering her mouth tightly with his palm, dragged her behind a clump of dogwood bushes. A heavy step was coming along the wood-path. He held her motionless and breathless in this cruel grip till the pedestrian had passed. It was Major Bristow, his spruce white hat on the back of his head, his unsullied waistcoat dappled with the leaf-shadows. He stepped briskly toward Damory court, swinging his stick, all unconscious of the fierce scrutiny bent on him from behind the dogwoods.

Great King did not withdraw his hand till the step had died in the distance. When he did, he clenched his fist and shook it in the air. "There he goes!" he said with bitter hatred.

"Ye noble friend that sent me up

for six years t' break my heart on th' rock-pile! Ob, he's a top-notchet, he is! But he's got Grief King to reckon with yit!" He looked at her balefully and shook her.

"Look-a-yeer," he said in a hissing voice. "Ye remember me. I'm a bad one ter fool with. Yer maw foun' that out, I reckon. Now ye'll promise me ye'll tell nobody who ye've seen. I'm only a tramp; d'ye hear?" He shook her roughly.

Rickey's fingers and teeth were clenched hard and she said no word. He shook her again viciously, the

friendship in Shirley's acquaintance with Valiant. It had been of the vaguest. His choice of her as Queen of Beauty had seemed a natural homage to that swift and unfinishing act of hers which had saved his life. There was in her mind a more obvious explanation of Shirley's altered demeanor. "Perhaps it's Chilly Lusk," she had said to herself. "Have they had a foolish quarrel, I wonder? Ah, well, in her own time she will tell me."

There was some relief to Shirley's overcharged feelings in the very dis-comfort of the drenched weather: the sucking pull of the wet clay on her boots and the dirt of the drops on her cheeks and hair. She thrust her dogskin gloves into her pocket and held her arms outstretched to let the wind blow through her fingers. The moisture clung to damp wreaths to her hair and rolled in great drops down her coat as she went.

The wildest, most secluded walks had always drawn her most and she instinctively chose one of these today. It was the road whereon squatted Mad Anthony's whitewashed cabin. "Duh's er man gwine look in dem eyes, honey, en gwine make 'em cry en cry." She had forgotten the incident of that day, when he had read her fortune, but now the quavering prophecy came back to her with a shivering sense of reality. "Fo' dah's fish en she ain't afeard'd. En dah's watch en she ain't afeard'd. It's do things what eat de hat outen do breas"—dat was one she afeard'd off! If it were only fire and water that threatened her!

She struck her hands together with an inarticulate cry. She remembered the laugh in Valiant's eyes as they had planted the roses, the characteristic gesture with which he tossed the waving hair from his forehead—how she had named the ducks and the peacock and chosen the spots for his flowers; and she smiled for such memories, even in the stabbing knowledge that these dear trivial things could mean nothing to her in the future. She tried to realize that he was gone from her life, that he was the one man on earth whom to marry would be to strike to the heart her love and loyalty to her mother, and she said this over and over to herself in varying phrases.

"You can't! No matter how much you love him, you can't! His father

deliberately ruined your mother's life—your own mother! It's bad enough to love him—you can't help that, but you can help marrying him. You would hate yourself. You can never kiss him again, or feel his arms around you. You can't touch his hand. You mustn't even see him. Not if it breaks your heart—your mother's heart was broken!"

She had turned into an unbeaten way that ambled from the road through a track of tall oaks and pines, scarce more than a bridle-path, winding aimlessly through brackish-sawdust depths so dense that even the wild roses had not found them. In her childlike heart she had always fled to the companionship of the trees. She had known them every one—the black gum and pale dogwood and gnarled hickory, the prickly ball-d "buttonwood," the lowly mulberry and the majestic red oak and walnut. They had seemed friendly and pitying counselors, standing about her with arms intertwined. Now, with the rain weeping in soughing gusts through them, they offered her no comfort. She suddenly threw herself face down on the soaked moss.

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